



Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul To A Soulless People Who Sold Their Soul"

[verse 1]

Banned from our damn so called country
No claim yall know the name
Some got the rest of the planet
To feel us damn it
Substance over style
Thats right we on exile
Them ol heads from strong i the felt
No love good lookin out
But damn sure felt

Hear me fear me appeared to
Dissapear
The sequel
Said keep pe from from the people

Stole ya soul kept the groove
On ya body black
Now you cant getcha mind back

Too dirty for the source power 30
Too clean for 30 year olds
Who wanna act sixteen

I beg ya pardon
We be live in other genres
While ya favorites just startin

We come back to do a soul check
Every once in a while like a sonic messiah
To find out these cats
Got this thing runnin wild
God bless the child

[verse 2]

Im spittin in the wind
Till it knocks a tree down in the woods

(allah u akbar)
God is good

Either you stand for something
Or fall for anything

You can get all the money cars jewelry and things
And still have nothing

Lookin for love in all the wrong places
Between gettin high on the price tags
And smilin faces

Thinkin you need
Rings and things rims and timbs
That aint rap thats bein slaves again

Pretendin

Hip hop says you can be what you wanna be
As long as you aint f-a-k-e

Its a four letter word like fame
That fades and if you believe it

Your f-u-c-k- e-d

But how you sell soul to a
Souless people who sold their soul?

I guess we all got stole on
By some of the same cats

That sold ya soul out
Dj lord

Being that beat back

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Is Back"

[verse 1]

Full blown
Rap rock and roll
Whatever happened to solid gold?
Aint like it cant and wont get sold
Sold by the same cats
Stole yo soul
Back on a track
That dont sound too old
Whats goin on? i dont know its trouble
Back in black to bust that bubble
Black supermans back and not daredevil
Dont wear throwbacks
Cause im a throwback
So i threw that throwback on the racks
So lets go back
Way on back
Before 8 tracks and cadillacs
Cats still on crack
Screamin what they lack
It started with your baby on similac
Dont get me started
Get it up to speed
Gettin back your soul
Is what you need

[verse 2]

Get on the soul train
Getcha soul drained
If ya souls drained
Backed right to yo brain
Keep the peoples away from pe the peeps
So the top 10 joints
Keep em all asleep
So what they got
You think is hot
But the real things in life
Your soul forgot
Dont hear it on the radio
Or mtv
I damn dont know about b-e-t

[verse 3]

If we cant reach em
Damn cant teach em
Somebody hatin
Cause we gots the information

Do this once a moon
Like an eclipse
So back to them politics
Off my lips
Tell the scurred beware of them ghetto tricks
Tell the government
Please stay off my dick
The criss whatever i never sip
Keep the whole damn bottle
I dont even trip

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Harder Than You Think"

[verse 1]

What goes on?
Rollin stones of the rap game not braggin
Lips bigger than jagger , not saggin
Spell it backwards
Im a leave it at that..

That aint got nothin to do with rap
Check the facts expose those cats
Who pose as heros and take advantage of blacks
Your governments gangster so cut the crap
A war goin on so where you at?

Fight the power comes great responsiblity
F the police but whos stoppin you from killin me?
Disasters , fiascos over a loop by pe
If its an i instead of we
Believin tv
Spittin riches , bitches, and this new thing about snitches
Watch them asses move the masses switches
System dissed them but barely missed her
My soul intention to save my brothers and sisters

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 2]

Screamin gangsta 20 years later
Of course endorsed while consciousness faded
New generations believing them fables
Gangster boogie on two turntables

Show no love so its easy to hate it
Desecrated while the coroner waited
Any given sunday so where yall rate it?
Wit slavery, lynching , and them drugs infiltrated

Im like that doll chuckie , baby
Keep comin back to live love life like i'm crazy
Keep it movin risin to the top
Doug fresh clean livin you dont stop

Revolution means change
Dont look at me strange
So i cant repeat what other rappers be sayin
You dont stand for something
You fall for anything
Harder than you think
Its a beautiful thing

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 3]

So its time to leave you a preview
So you too can review what we do
20 years in this business
How you sell sell soul, g wiz
People bear witness
Thank you for lettin us be ourself
So dont mind me if i repeat myself
These simple lines be good for your health
To keep them crime rhymes on the shelf
Live life love like you just dont care
5000 leaders never scared
Bring the noise its the moment they fear
Get up still a beautiful idea

Get up
Throw yo hands in the air
Get up show no fear
Get up if yall really care
Pe 20 years
Now get up

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sex, Drugs & Violence"

(feat. KRS-One)

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Chuck D]

Once upon a time, not long ago
A rapper got shot, and no one knows
Who pulled the trigga on the kid and layed him in his grave
And after the prayers and the street parade
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead
And all the fans loved everything he said
So understand this, you don't wanna miss
Sex, drugs, and violence

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[KRS-One]

Ayo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means
It was just another muder scene
But let's get on with the bling bling
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man
While they takin us down, man
We're takin you down. I got another new sound
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101
Here it is... Bam
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man
Now you see the plan, from west to east
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Flavor Flav]

Once upon a time I was on Long Island
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin
He was bleedin from his guts, yo
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo
Now when police light came on
When the man died, who was the blame on?
Wasn't me. Not you
I didn't kill nobody cuz my records don't do that
I make the records for the kids
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can You Hear Me Now"

[VERSE 1]

Damn if i be some slave again
Got no fake ass friends no timbs or rims
Sure nuff dont know no designer names
And i never played no video games
I aint got no diamond rings
No bling, bling, no minks
No 2 earrings
No pimp glasses mugs
Or cups and things
Or whatever the hell they be
Carryin
Dont treat my highs too high
Or my lows too low
You wont see my soul souled on no video
Bdont need no checks to get no chicks
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my
So let the young sing and rap to the young
As long as yall dont think freedom
Is free to be dumb

[VERSE 2]

Its suicidal to think im your american idol
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box
Chicks bobby sox today be botox
Now that hip hops the new so called rock
Parents dressin the outside
Of their kids
An what they wear
Instead of stressin the inside
Way back , my peoples gave me pride
Now in 2004 i aint gotta hide
If you cant afford it just leave it to the side
Cause you looking real stupid with that tear in your eye
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin
But its damn sure better than walkin
It might be old, it sure aint gold
Better than stylin in the cold
It aint no rolls,so wont get stoled
But you wont see me walking on no side of the road

[VERSE 3]

At the age i am now
If i cant teach
I shouldnt even open up my mouth begin to speak
I need some radio
To help me reach

But i heard they get their money on
By makin you weak
Drowning in the sea of
Some big dose of now
No past no future
Let the young grow wild
Aint gave em nuttin
Some done robbed the child
From substance
Dont currr , fill em up wit style
Like hip hop started on trl, like wow
Took the game and made it a gdamn shame
Hell wit history you dont even
Know my name
I aint the same damn thing
That yall used to playin
Im non stop rocket
Headin to your brain
Now thats what im sayin

[VERSE 4]

I may not got no flow
But i aint pimped by no negro
Backed by some
Cracka wit
His ass by the door
Therefore
I can never be poor
Cause my mind , body, and soul
Cannot be sold
Priceless
So i avoid the trifelin
Worms in my cipher
Stuff yall cant get enough off
Gots no time for
Somebodys jail
My time is just like the US mail
My time is richer
Than them new astro pitchers
I be damn if my face
Be under some picture
Where you heard the nword
So save your liquid
Pe we just here to flip it
Find somebody new to get wit
The next time you hear a
Cat who cant Stand or even look in the mirror

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Flavor Man"

[Intro:]

Yeah that's right we gon' take this all the way back to the top kid
That's right boy, ha ha, hit your man off
AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-YEAH YEAH~!
Flavor Flav is back, with the hottest track
Y'knahmsayin kid!

[Chorus: x8]

Flavor, Flavor, Flavor Man

[Flavor - over Chorus:]

What... yeah! WHAT... yeah!
What... yeah! WHOAHHHHHHHHH-HOOO!!!

[Flavor Flav:]

For all you motherfuckers who think I fell off
I'm Flavor Flav nigga, I'm still the boss~!
Go, live, king, throw live
I live Uptown in the Bronx, gimme a hi-five
Yankee Stadium is where I'm from
We get up over beats and then we beat the drum
Born and raised in Freeport, Long Island
(What) We keep 'em smilin
South Freeport, get down
That's where my family is found
After dark, just gimme a spark
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark
Have him take me down to Florida
I'm the flyest nigga down in Florida
Gimme the mic, move over, I'm takin this shit
I'm back in control, gimme your soul
Check it out - make room for daddy! (What)
Before I have to get the belt (what)
Beat your ass all the way back to the felt (what)
Make you do the wop
Shimmy shimmy go go pop

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]

What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What, who!

[Flavor Flav:]

I'm fakin no moves and fakin no jax

Flavor Flav is back on the dome relax
I push all the buttons around this bitch
I'ma go get money from Bill Gates, get rich
So I can build me a psycho-loft
So I can go psycho with my Micro-soft
Flavor Windows is the new invention
Colorful windows to get the attention
(Knock knock) Flavor Flav is eatin with Bill Gates
Bill, had to have a certain flavor
To have the highest, bank rates in the world
(Word up) But he don't stand alone
Joey Fatone, is in my bones
Jackie Hamilton, dollar bill
Sittin real high on Capitol Hill

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... yeah!
What... yeah! What... yeah!
Who, yeah!!

[Flavor Flav:]
Knock knock baby!

[Chorus - 1/2]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!

[Flavor Flav - ad libbing:]
What... knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock right here at your door
Givin you more of what you bargained for
Flavor Flav - back in your face
Mess with my kids and I'll catch a case
Y'knahmsayin, I ain't playin
It's all in the message I'm relayin
Right here in DeVante's studio
That's where I'm sayin, that's right
All the way to Penn Station, Jackson Station and the nation
Feature your generation, yo Flavor Flav is out
Two steps automatic and I'm out kid

Public Enemy Lyrics

"The Enemy Battle Hymn Of The Public"

[verse 1]

No election
Remember that presidential selection
Got us in another
Erection of body part
Dick bush and colin
Tape is rollin
New whirl odor
Flowin way past deodorant
Got the masses ignorant
Them dumb asses
The whirl surrenders
To the way of the beltway
Created a nore bin laden found saddam
Yo griff,
'what good is a goddamn bomb
I know they been lyin bout bin ladin
Fight the power
You dont know who hit them towers
And they dont care
Tony blair
Ask the axis of hate
Is the uk the 51st state

[verse 2]

Gettin the bomb sht
Aint like gettin bombed and sht
Orders from your
Commander and theif
Headcheif hankercheif
Aint that right griff
You gonna go in there
And take things and bomb thangs
2007 high tech thug gang
I rather be gettin it
Than gettin hit
Presidential orders
From this new whirl odor
Stressin peoples of color
Across the water and the borders
Peeps need food education employment
And damn that high tech equipment

[verse 3]

And the rhetoric
From one sided politricks
From a government on some ol

World war 3 trip
If i was there id quit
Go home and be gettin it
Stick a bush and dick in the world
And watch it twirl
Americas a dude
And the earth a girl
You gotta fight for your love
Remain a cut above
The rest of the world
Dont matter
Sounds like propaganda
New facism on another channel
Turn offa that thing
And see the sun
Ima take my black ass home
And get some

One

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Escapism"

[verse 1]

Is the groove good to you
Like when you lose your thing
Forgetten grits is grocery
And eggs is poultry

Makin a livin against those makin a killin
Super blackman gotha back
And is back in the building
If the prison is that skin you in
And your cell sittin inside your skull
They say you cant getaway
From ya damn self
When your earth is heaven
And your world be hell
Check your head
Armageddons at the foot of your bed

You aint heard a word i said
Forget them slacks

Im that throwback that
Threw that throwback
Back on the racks
To get my mind back

O say can you see
I get back its still just a black and white tv
In lyin color brother
Gots to getaway to the other.

[verse 2]

Never was too good
Off the top of my head

Cause i want yall to know
Exactly what i said

This so called war in iraq
Over a thousand dead
Thats about
10 a week
Even as i speak

33% of black males in jail
55% of black students will fail
85% of black folks forgot

We were slaves
Up inside this box

America got folks brains on lock
Forget the connects

Some wanna buy whats next
Wear it like a sign up in that chest

Yall should know papa dont take no mess

If you think your past is irrelevant
Dont you know ol soul pays the gt damn rent
That messiah aint never
Gonna come as long as

You thinkin freedom
Is bein free to be dumb

[verse 3]
Soul is back
So flip them hits back
Damn the fashion
I wanna know wheres the passion

Thinkin we came a long way baby

Sayin poor michael's psycho
And prince hes crazy

But what has bob mick sir paul
Done for you lately

How they maintain on your brain
Seems to escape me

Heard some ghetto cats
Dont like metal rap

Hear it and fear it
And they think its wack

They dont even know that the blues is black
And when i rap is back to the roots

Where i be at

Not some 30 year old who dont know facts
Whos wild sayin things like some juvenile

Remember 2 million black folks in the penile
Got a world of whitefolks
Thinkin its style

Think im hatin cause you lack the information
Cause we the fbi still gots on file

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Frankenstar"

We the fans
Hopin they would be open
Tinted glass
Behind that tinted glass
Crowd waiting in limbo
Is that the limo?
But he dont give a damn
She dont give a damn
Just buy their product
Cause they a by product of a marketing plan
Can i just get an autograph?
Im fanatic number 2 million
Sign it to my mama
So she can cut the drama
Bought in a store in nicaragua
But you ignore the poor
Cant even get to your door

Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
I dont give a damn about your car
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
We dont give a damn about your crib
Only give a damn about what you did
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar

Can i get a ride on that music
Can i get a look on that movie
All you gotta do is groove me
Security aint got to shoot me
How a fan get get close to you
What do you think im supposed to do?
Shit by the way i bought a poster too
I didnt take it back
Cause the show was whack
Bought a hundred dollar ticket
Told us where we could stick it
Frankenstar
Let us fans know
That you gonna do a 10 minute show

Hooooo

Hoooooooo

Frankenstar

You dont even know who the hell you are

I dont give a damn about your car

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

You dont even know who the hell you are

We dont give a damn about your crib

Only give a damn about what you did

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Now you say you from the hood

Paid and laid

And now you think you gonna get sprayed

I see you grinnin at them humble beginnings

Fame just is like water to a gremlin

Fame is fake and it fades

Millinnum stars can be like grenades

Blowin up thinking we all got it made

In a mtv cribs

To fool them kids

The new monster mash

See em all dance for cash

Saw ya wit a new lawyer

So you

Better stash

But the vip section got your attention

And you cannot see that far past

Wrong inspiration

For a young nation

When you dismiss education

And your living rooms a playstation

Do your thing, not the thing do you

Dont fame gotta hold on you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"See Something, Say Something"

[verse 1]

Welcome home to the terrordome
Land of the forbidden
Cause that man be sinnen
And his hand be hidden
To rule the planet
He planned from the beginnin
Superegomon sounds like lucifer is winnin
Yo he wanna buck us
So im stoppin all that ruckus
Yall dont know the d in my name
Is like fredrick as in douglas
Another body
Cause the feds crashed the party
You confuse your own folk
Running from the paparazzi
Dirty mind and tap water
Consumin yo body
Illuminati in the tomb
Poisonin the womb
Cant be a guinea pig
With the glock to the wig
10 years since we lost pac and big
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 2]

Genocide on us where
They practice this
Thats why i pack the fifth
See how wack this is
They ready the clips
Replaced the whips
Not cars im talkin bout them things that cause scars
Night and days i know i still fight the power
I know we came a different way than the mayflower
All them players rentin rims and hummers
Got taught by a teacher defending columbus
New thug robbin ids and pin numbers

Spot on my block
Be hotter than 10 summers
Stuck in last century like a fax machine
Left back from the future
Like some vaccine
From ghana, botswana to watts and queens
Is the tv killing black teens
And their dreams?
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 3]

While some pass the criss
They happen to miss
The unexpected revolution
From some young catalyst
Untouchable on the fbi list
Not know knowin these facts is more hazardous
I rock intense
Knock your block wit sense
Welfare cut from them documents
Masses volunteering for them chips
Trace the hiv lane up that blood vessel
Irs in that chest
You gotta wrestle
Life is not a game
New war apocalyptic
See the wicked run and try to hide the statistic
Aint nuttin changed
Pe be the same crew
It aint a game
Once again gonna save you
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Long And Whining Road"

[verse 1]

Its been a long and whining road
Even though time keeps a changin
Ima bring it all back home
I been told i spit lyrics wit politics
Why wouldnt i?
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation
Throughout / ive been a spokesperson
For a generation
Within the same ol fear of a black planet
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it
If times is hard
Time is god
Understand it
Never took time for granted
Its all right ma
As child of the sixties
All along the watchtower
I cant bet they gonna miss me

Im only bleeding
Every grain in me
Fans if not for you
There be no pe
From the nashville skyline
Girls in south country
In this world gone wrong
So heres another love song

[verse 2]

We came a long way baby
You know whats amazin
The surprise we told these new guys
Flav has always been crazy
Hit london 87 like it was an invasion
Toured the world for 3 years
Hell with vacation
Vocation of vocalization
Especially with the impact of it takes a nation
Of millions to hold us back
You bet theres blood on them bomb squad tracks

Black steel , baseheads, party for your right to fight
Prophets of rage , bring the noise
Dont believe the hype
Cant do nuttin for you man
911 is a joke
20 years we got here by actin like common folk
Touring the world like a rolling stone
Then the nineties came
Welcomed yall to the terrordome
Some threw it away , instead of something to say
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names
Since rebel without a pause beats were never the same
And by 1998 we still had game.

[verse 3]

Only a pawn in the game
Chastised for namin names
What was said and who said it
Anti nothing so forget it
Tears of rage left a friend
Blowin in the wind
But time is god
Been back for 10 years and black again
Some of them same cats
Help usher in gangster rap
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.
Praised the gangsta
Just because it sold
While consciousness
Went from platinum to gold
Seen a nation reduce fight the power to gin and juice
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

[verse 4]

Beethoven, bach brahms
I want some james brown
Even bruce, brian, bono, beck, yeah chuck berry
Prince stevie sly smokey johnny cash in my chevy
Heard some call me an uncle tom
Now thats petty
I'm a songwriter fool
I condense sense from right and wrong
Livin in the key of protest songs
From basement tapes
Beyond them dollars and cents
Changin of the guards spent
Where the--went
Most of their time out of mind
Hatin my mess age rhymes
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna
But they made a day fit for a king

By the time we got to arizona

Tommorrows a long time

We got god on our side

Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride

A poison goin on

Shelter from the storm

Hard rain gonna fall

Still the people rock on.

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Eve Of Destruction"

The eastern world, it is explodin'
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'
And that Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you feel the fears that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

My blood's so mad, it feels like coagulatin'
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation
And a handful of senators can't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
Now this whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

[?]

People I hate, that's understood
It will make stuff hard to under
Was feeling blooded to human race
If you win your war it's the same old place

The poundin' drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

But tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe

We're on the eve of

But tell me

Over and over and over again, my friend

You don't believe

We're on the eve of destruction

You don't believe

We're on the eve of destruction

You don't believe

We're on the eve of destruction

Yeah, you don't believe

We're on the eve of destruction

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul (Time Is God Refrain)"

We've heard all the great teachings from Malcolm to Martin
Now we have this last chance with our brother minister
To rise out of the ashes of slavery
Time is a very important element in this journey
We can't continue to be 24 karat dumb
Addicted to retail and bling
Wasting time has spent on nonsense
We got grown men in toy stores like little children in candy stores
Buying PS2's 35 and 40
Black men reduced to boys

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god [x2]

Enough said we got to feed our heads
This shit is piping over the pulpits: TV sets and radios
Hip-hop is moving the masses
We've got to take back our children and guide them
When you love something you develop the mental capacity to reach the thing that you love
No more nonsense
The airwaves are poisonous with this gibberish
These grim hymns lack light
We need to get their ass off the mic
If hip-hop is the seeing end of the voices
Why is the dead teaching the dead
We got to end the reign of pimping and ho-ing
And entertainment for the masses
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god [x3] (Allahu Akbar)

Some say we only have a little time left
We can use it wisely
To teach, think and rebuild our mental banks
Great people don't ask comedians, actors and entertainers to lead
Great people produce what we need
For history to record our deeds as a great nation
Or will we continue to be a shell of a once great people
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god [x8]

Soul power [x8]

